

Each Cut Makes Me Feel A Little More

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Summary: He can't feel properly. Everything is so disconnected and he is happy or angry or frustrated at the same time as feeling a never-ending nothing. The scars on his arm is how he copes, something he enjoys to see...It's something real. But Abraxas fears for his future, or lack of, and the time comes to tell Tom... ONE-SHOT!
TRIGGER WARNING!

Each Cut Makes Me Feel A Little More

****EACH CUT MAKES ME FEEL A LITTLE MORE****

The beading blood, the stinging pain and the burning sensation that itched his left forearm as he stared, intoxicated by the sight and feeling that attacked his senses. The raven haired boy didn't notice the older teen's entry, nor the silent footsteps that slapped against the stone floors as the teen approached. The killing curse green eyes looked up as the other crouched down to his level, a sad gaze meeting him. The molten silver eyes analysed him; the glazed look in his eyes; the drops of blood slowly beginning to travel over his arm; the razor blade in his right hand; the specks of red on the rolled up sleeve of his crumpled white shirt.

"Oh Harry," the teen sighed. Abraxas Malfoy wiped away the drying path of a long fallen single tear with a gentle brush stroke of his thumb. "Why do you do this to yourself?"

The haunting eyes stared numbly at him, and the honest, broken truth passed his lips. "Each cut makes me feel a little more. And I need to feel. Not these shadows of emotions I always get; I want to properly feel."

Abraxas averted his eyes for a few moments, before pulling out his wand and spelling the cuts closed- ignoring the keening sound that escaped the china doll before him. "This can't continue. What if one day you take it too far and no-one is around to help you? What then

Harry?"

"There would be one less person in the world."

"Will you walk or will I be forced to carry you?"

Harry's eyes narrowed. "Where are we going?"

"To see Tom," Abraxas said bluntly, the statement firm and leaving no room for argument. "It's time he was told, and if anyone can make you stop, it's him. Apparently Alphard and I cannot."

He couldn't summon the guilt to tell the blonde, sorry. He wasn't guilty for what he did; some people read for enjoyment—he cut. It soothed his worries, satisfied the lust of blood and eased the constant numbness that always sat waiting under the shallow emotions that surrounded and filled him. He loved to play in the darkest of his emotions and actions; they'd always be there to comfort him when the Light failed. Always.

The trip up seven floors was spent with his hand in the Malfoy Heir's— it was a mixture of reassurance and assurance that he wouldn't back off before he could face his keeper. Tom Marvolo Riddle was his keeper; his dominant; his disciplinarian; the one he had to obey; and ironically the one person he could always count on to care. Even if it was eventually just for the shard of his soul that was lodged inside of the last Potter. Harry knew he wouldn't be happy with revelation and any freedom he had would be withdrawn and he'd be stuck at the rising Dark Lord's side.

The Room of Requirement had been arranged into a study room, and only hosted one person inside. Tom stood as they entered, and the room changed into what they needed; a comforting place to tell the truth. Warm reds with accents of blues and purples adorned the room, along with a single armchair and a sofa, both sat before a flickering fire that set out heat with relaxing intensity.

It only took a matter of minutes and single sentence, before Harry found himself curled up in his parental brother's side, nervously waiting for the reaction that was sure to come with what Abraxas was about to reveal. The blonde seemed nervous but determined as he sat in the armchair; the two Parselmouths claiming the sofa as the room had probably previously planned.

"Harry self-harms," Abraxas stated.

The grip around the Gryffindor tightened, and Tom's ruby red eyes narrowed then widened before narrowing again. The Heir of Slytherin twisted abruptly in his seat, scrutinizing the kitten from the small distance that was between them.

"Harry, show me your arms," he ordered.

No-one ever would've be able to appreciate how difficult it was for him to reveal the scars, the scabs, the clotting slashes with no lie to divert attention or pass it off as an accident. But he did it. His right arm was untarnished and unharmed but his left was a plethora of the self-inflicted wounds the razor blade had caused. And what happened from there was so predictable, so obvious Harry was almost disappointed—

Sharp things were hidden; 24hour surveillance; arms checked dailyâ€|

Slowly things faded away and Harry earned their trust again and as he earned their trust he broke it without their knowing. They couldn't expect him to throw away his lifeline. His relief. His release. No more than he could expect them to give up their muggle murdering hobbies. At least he wasn't hurting anyone. At least he wasn't breaking any laws. And there was no guilt for lying, for hiding, for breaking their tentatively given trust for he did not feel he was in the wrong. And he wasn't. Not really. He did what he wanted to do. And they did what they wanted to do.

Abraxas was right in his prediction. One day Harry did take it too far and no-one had been around to help him.

He had looked like a fractured doll lying in a pool of his own blood. The harsh red and the raven black stood out painfully against the deathly pale skin; the blue tinted lips. The razor blade was still loose in his fingertips; coated in its blood.

It had been the push that turned Tom into Voldemortâ€|

It had been the push that turned Abraxas and Alphard into cold machinesâ€|

It had been the pushâ€|and he had been the catalyst.

* * *

><p>AN- I don't want any flames telling me I don't understand these things, or it sounds too pro-Self-Harm, because I DO know and understand these things and to tell me otherwise is stupid on your part, and I don't care what it sounds like, it was what I was thinking, what I was making Harry think, and that's all that matters. This was just something I wrote.**

End
file.